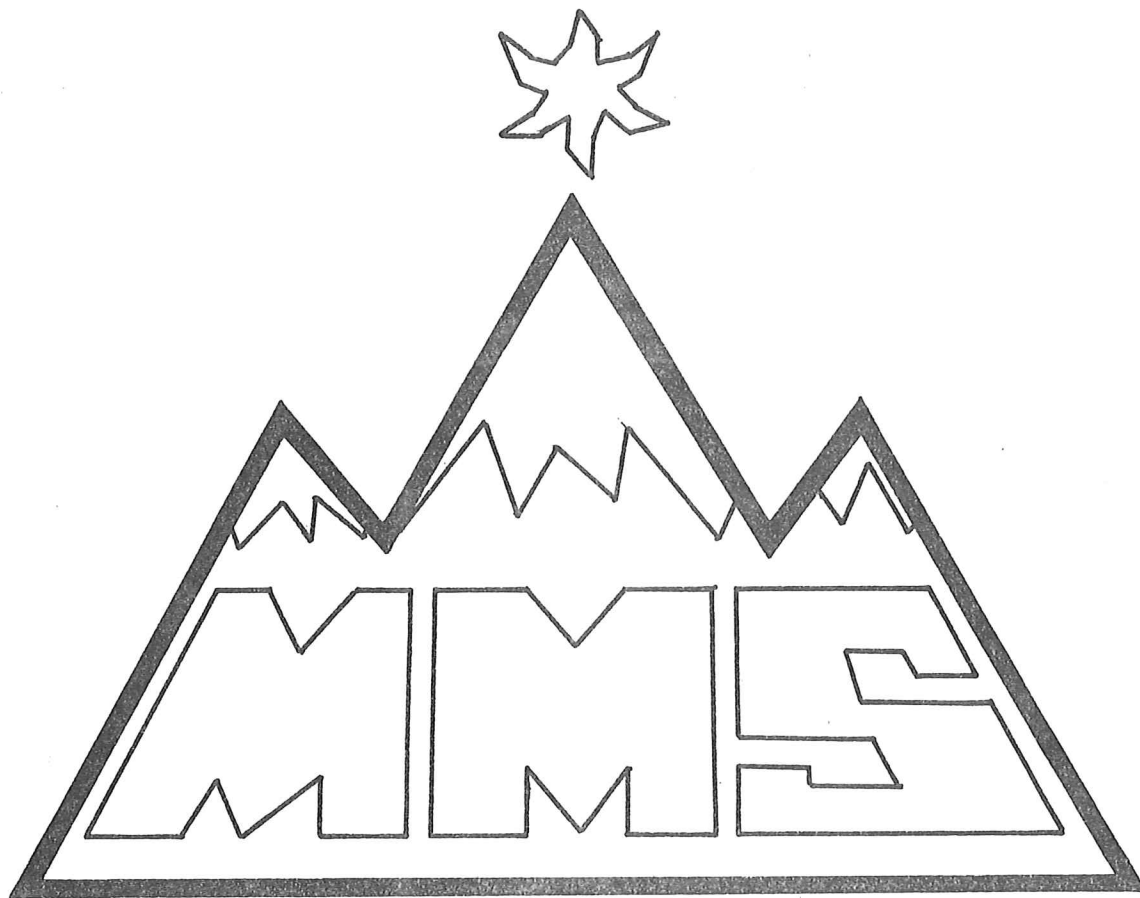


MACQUARIE MOUNTAINEERING

SOCIETY YEARBOOK



1976



MACQUARIE MOUNTAINEERING SOCIETY

BUSHWALKING

CLIMBING

CANOEING

CAVING

SKI-TOURING

SLOTHING

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EXECUTIVE 1976

PRESIDENT

John Benson (until July)

Pat Twyford

SECRETARY

Russell Brown

TREASURER

Murray Hutton

TRIPS DIRECTER

Penny Gailey

PUBLICITY OFFICER

Sue Kurrle

EQUIPMENT OFFICERS

Dave Rothery

Dave Patterson

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

1 9 7 6

A club such as ours should not only encourage trips but also enable people who have common interests to meet, learn from each other and interact socially.

With regard to trips the club has been successful this year. There have been trips almost every weekend and sometimes during the year, there have been trips covering each of our most popular activities - caving, climbing, canoeing, skiing, walking and canyoning.

For this we must thank all trip leaders, particularly those members who no longer study at Macquarie and I hope that these people will continue to organize trips in the coming year and so take some of the burden of leading trips from the few experienced leaders who remain at Uni each year.

Throughout M.M.S.'s life enthusiasm for each activity, and hence trips, have fluctuated reflecting the interest of the people who lead trips at that time. During 1976 caving and skiing have thrived and next year there are indications that canoeing may become increasingly popular.

In addition to weekend trips extended trips were made during the holidays, including two members participating in a Syd. Spel. Society caving expedition to New Guinea and during the Christmas break club members will be visiting New Zealand, Nepal and Tasmania.

Regular activities included lunchtime meetings with slides and always well attended, occasional evening meetings and frequent use of the climbing wall.

An area where I do feel club interest should increase is in conservation as there are always fights to save some favourite walking haunts, cave systems or scenic areas and maybe club members could become more actively involved. Admittedly some of our members are actively involved in fighting for South West Tasmania, and as a club we have given financial assistance to some organizations and sent a limited number of letters and telegrams, but hopefully in the coming year every effort will be made to offer active as well as passive assistance to conservation bodies on both an individual and club level.

In conclusion, I'd like to thank the executive for continual support, Dave Rootes for moral support, the Sport's

Association for finance, Richard Wilson for producing Sloth single-handed (I hope there are more contributions next year) and to all those who led trips, because without these people M.M.S. would be "as useless as a glass door on a dunny".

I feel that 1977 is going to see changes for M.M.S. as many older club members leave and so the club will be dominated by keen younger members and with the enthusiasm, for all activities, which is now evident I feel that the club will thrive.

Pat Twyford.

* * * * *

TREASURER'S REPORT

Balance at January 1, 1976 378.11

CREDITS

Membership	201.50
Yearbook Sales	15.00
Canoe Mould Hire, etc.	267.30
Transfer from Canoe Account	121.55
M.U.S.A. (Budget Items)	100.80
Interest	15.38
Sundry	33.80

755.33

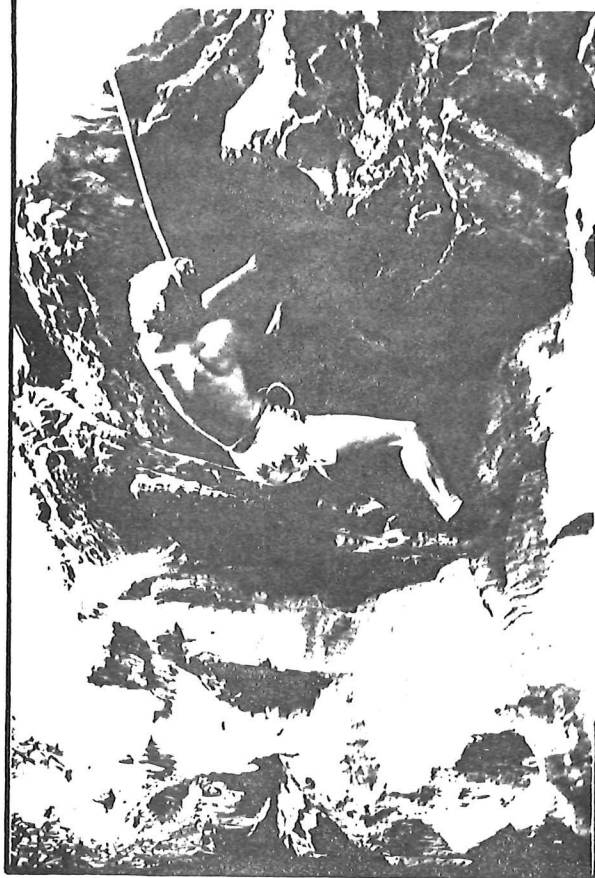
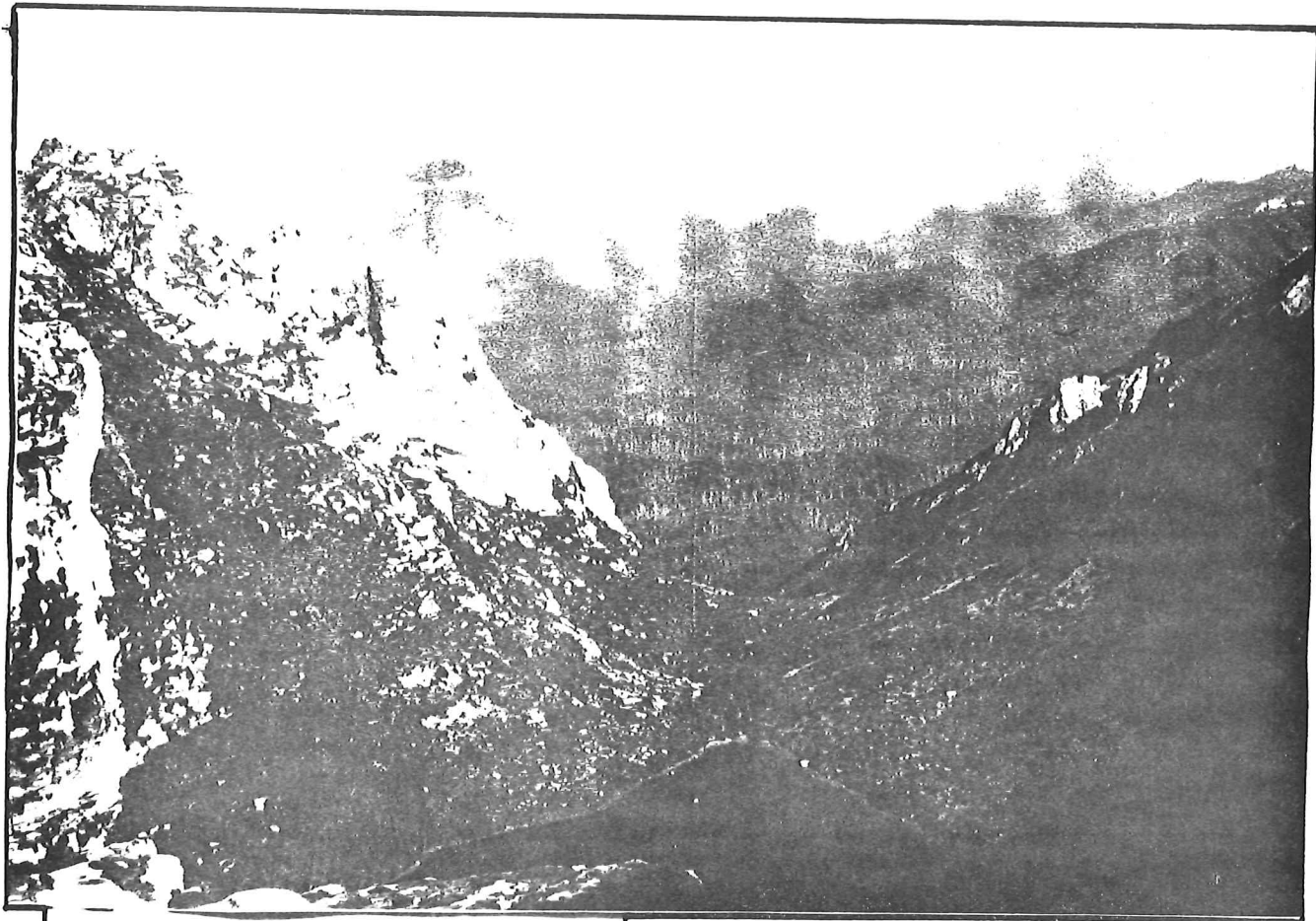
DEBITS

Equipment	270.91
Fees and Subscriptions	133.00
Yearbook	35.61
Sloth	7.26
Meetings	37.10
Secretarial	28.85
Sundry	8.00

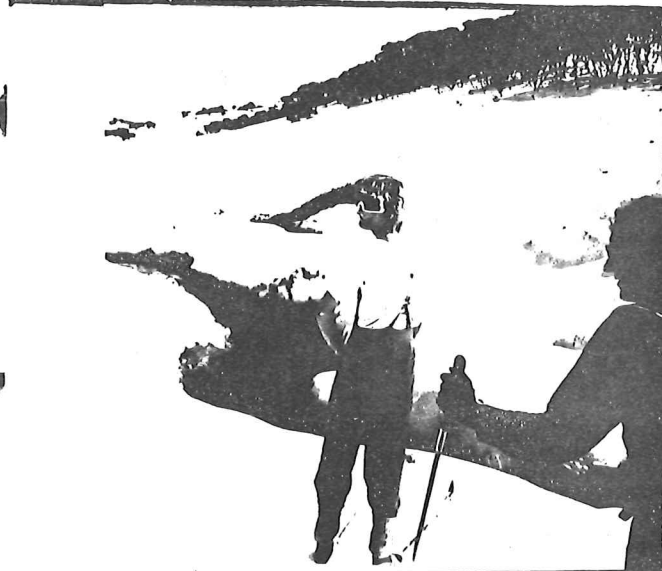
1133.44

520.73

Balance Carried Forward 612.71



↑ Tassie.
Bob/Lindfield Sprung!



THE YEARS' CLIMBING

There is now a time-honoured tradition in our club for climbing to be maintained by a few keen individuals. Apparently there was no reason for this situation to be upset during the past year. Nevertheless a reasonable degree of activity was registered. The frequently exhausting efforts to coax new blood into our ranks early in the year this time bore little fruit. It was not until the latter half of the year that a couple of newcomers (and slow oldcomers) began to climb reasonably often, and lead.

Our home ground of the Blue Mountains was again the scene of most of our activity, with emphasis on the beautiful Wolgan Valley. Visits were also made to Booroomba, the Bungles and Mt. Keira and April saw the long-awaited ascent of the south wall of Bungonia Gorge. It took three years or 1½ days, depending how you look at it.

We continued to climb new routes for their own sake, leaving them unrecorded so others may have the same pleasure. The recording and publishing of new climbs has little to do with what climbing is all about, and deserves rejection, (at least partial) as representing the "development" premise of technical civilisation. Climbing needs more people who are prepared to climb for its intrinsic joy and reject the emptiness of public ego-gratification. Enough raving.

Three of us made a step towards justifying the club's unfortunate title by making for New Zealand at the end of the year. This was the first venture to New Zealand by the club for several years. Despite the abominable weather early in the

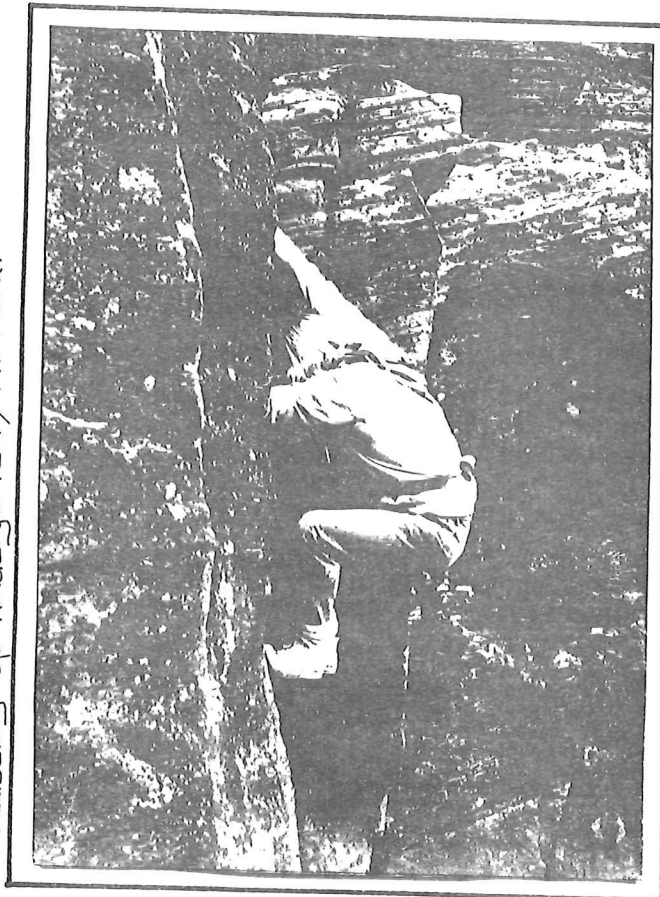
season, quite a lot of good climbing was done around Aspiring, Cook and the Darrans. Next season will probably see more remote areas being visited.

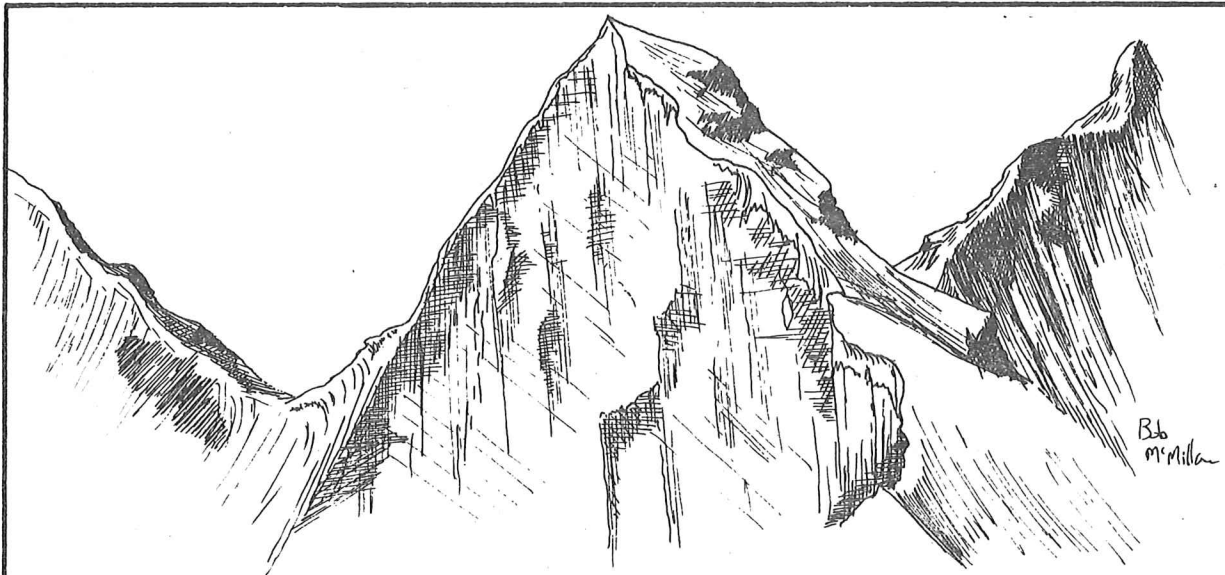
In conclusion, I can only say I hope climbing in the club will receive in future the interest it most certainly deserves from people who love the hills.

Ian Brown.

* * * * *

Weaseling up Kindergarten / Mt. Kiera.





"Earth and the great weather
Move me
Have carried me away
and move my inward parts with joy."

- SONG OF UVAVNUK
An Eskimo Shaman

THE SILVER PEAK

It was three hours before dawn and the night was black and moonless - black as only the dry clear air of the mountains can make it. The stars were intense, strewn thickly across the depths of the ultimate wilderness. They sparkled like crystal snow in sunlight, showing clearly their colours of blue, yellow, white and even green. (I recalled the stars seen in Sydney as a child, but no more, and was angry.)

A cold gusting wind that breathed of the void between the stars hesitated across the glacier as we walked in silence over its level surface. The only sound was the crunching of our crampons into the frozen snow. Our breath clouded in the yellow light of our torches. Ahead there was an absence of stars: the dark mass of Tasman and its attendant forms. Silberhorn ridge was barely discernible on the left.

Soon my legs told me we were going uphill, and then we began threading a wary way through the debris and crevasses of the ice fall. Peering into the gloom beyond the glow of our torches, we strained to plot a route through this mysterious and tortuous landscape. All of a sudden the snow came to an end and we balanced on the brink of a huge chasm of unknown depth. It disappeared to left and right in the darkness. Retracing our steps, we crossed some ice-cliffs, past a grotto in the ice, onto the flank of our ridge. I teetered across slowly with axe and hammer, and Paul ? ? . . . he danced, axe in one hand and torch in the other.

The light was growing now, giving a pearly glow to the snow and ice all around, and casting the sky a deep blue. The stars were dying. Once across, we thought "Great, just flash up here and we'll be on the ridge". So we just flashed up there, and we were on the pyramidal summit of a huge detached block of ice, surrounded by dark space. Ah, well, another brief retreat.

At last we strolled across easy slopes and gained the ridge, a beautiful white buttress soaring 600m to the summit. We zig-zagged up its broad crest and traversed a narrow snow arete below a steeper section as the first ochre rays of the sun were spearing the highest summits. We charged up to some rocks where we could stop as dawn reached a crescendo, a crashing symphony of light and colour all around that deafened the eyes. All was blue and gold and glowing for a very short, intense time. The sky flouresced an excruciating blue, brilliant and strange, that echoed the depths and mysteries beyond. I swore to live forever.

For a brief moment we sat poised in light above the world in shadows. But time pressed, as it seems it always does in

alpine climbing, and we continued steadily upwards. Just as steadily, the sun crept downwards to carve the shadows, the chaos of icefalls far below us on either side of the ridge, and spread across the fractured plateau. We passed easily a couple of schrunds cutting the ridge, and a glassy-green ice-cliff hung with crystal swords. The last part of the ridge steepened and became quite icy, so we had to belay - a loss of freedom, but a chance to stand still and rest. I could hardly hear Paul's yells for the screaming of my calves.

The summit arrived abruptly, a sharp snow ridge swept by a freezing wind. Tasman, close to the north, rivetted our attention; a blue-cut diamond, with a purity of form that seems to belong only to pure ice peaks. An awesomely sharp ridge ran towards us, with a stomach-wrenching drop into the Balfour Glacier to the west. I found it incredible that this was the route of the first ascent, in 1895. We were content with our unassuming summit, and dropped down a little to escape the wind. We stayed a while, eating and taking pictures of the incredible scene. To the east and north, range upon range stood out sharply from each other in the low sun and morning haze - the ragged wilderness of the Southern Alps. Close to the south, across the Linda Glacier, the ice-cap of Cook leaned close to dominate the scene. All Westland was buried in a soft grey plain of cloud, but way out to sea I thought I caught a glimpse of Tasmania on the horizon. Perhaps the sun shining on the clean granite slabs of the East Coast or glinting off the very top of Frenchman's Cap.

The cloud seemed to be rising ominously towards us as we began the descent, and was soon billowing over Clarke Saddle like a spinnaker out of control. More belays were needed on the way down, as the ice was softening. Before we reached the

easier ground above the icefall the rolling mass had clawed its way around the slopes and engulfed us. The wind increased, and spindrift was flying. Some confusion ensued as to where to leave the ridge in the near white-out and the rope had a brief argument with an icicle-filled schrund, but we escaped into the shelter below the ridge and picked our way across the ice-cliffs. Fresh snow up to 30cm deep over the ice required care.

The descent to the Grand Plateau was easy in daylight and we laughed at our game of blind man's bluff many hours before, running joyfully down the final slopes in a break in the cloud. The trudge back across the softened snow of the glacier was, as usual, slow and tedious, with the hut subbornly remaining the same small size in the distance. Tumbling cloud was everywhere and the wind had become a screaming beast, its belly ripped open by the sharp ice ridges above. It was impossible to walk a straight line. My cheeks went numb, my eyes stung. My left ear filled with powder snow. We were with Scott on the South Polar Plateau, with Shipton on the Patagonian ice-cap.

But it was only a mile or so, and at least we plugged the final steps to our ugly haven, and slammed the door on that magnificent and violent world.

IAN BROWN.

* * * * *

CAVING REPORT - 1976

The year started well with the first days of January finding several club members deep beneath the Nullarbor exploring the vast mountains and lakes of Mullamullang Cave (N37). Unfortunately this party failed to reach the end of this cave and turned back after three miles of gruelling trekking with two near sprained ankles and a severe thirst for fresh water. This trip, led by Micheal Marx, took us around much of south-west Western Australia. Consequently, we also had the good fortune of visiting some of the beautiful caves in the Margaret River - Augusta region.

Then it was back to New South Wales and several trips to Bungonia. A rabbit sized dig was attempted near B54 until discontinued due to extreme confinement. The extension was twice defeated and a S.U.S.S.-S.S.S.-M.U.S.I.C. party used the area for training in preparation for the Niugini expedition of August. This expedition was very successful and extensive mapping of a large cave - Kanada Atea - was carried out. Congratulations should be extended to Dave Rothery and Richard Wilson for their important part in this expedition. A larger more equipped expedition to continue work in the area is already being planned.

Trips also went to Cliefden, where many fine photographs were taken (if you wish to see these ask Dave Rothery). It should also be mentioned here that one of the purposes of this trip and many others during the year, was to collect samples

of cave spiders for Mike Grey of the Australian Museum. Quite a few interesting specimens have been collected, though we have yet to see the results of this work in printed form.

There were also trips to Wee Jasper, Jenolan and Wyambene. All participants seemed to have a thoroughly enjoyable time, whether caving or slothing.

To raise money for an item of caving equipment yet to be officially decided (forestry compass or scaling poles top the list, the girls of the club should be thanked for two extremely successful chocolate crackle selling days at the University.

The Annual Meeting of the Australian Speleological Federation was held at Canberra this year and we were represented by two people - Dave Paterson and Dave Rothery. Cavconact (as the meeting is called) was a great success and a useful opportunity for representatives of the various Speleo. groups in Australia to get to know one another.

A combined S.U.S.S. - M.U.S.I.C. draining trip beneath the depths of Mosman and North Sydney after a barbeque resulted in the finding of an accumulated wealth of \$1.70. A young man waiting for a bus was mildly disconcerted when a drain opened in the middle of Miller Street and 20 Speleos emerged into the night air. The Speleos were also mildly upset when the bus the young man was waiting for happened to come along while they were being disgorged. Thanks to some timely frantic waving there were no squashed cavers.

The T-shirts which had been waiting for two years have finally been silk screened and are available from the Aquarium

at \$5.00 each.

And so the year ended where it began, with me once more in Mullamullang Cave attempting to finish that which had been left incomplete. The cave was completed, and Dome reached and 1976 left us all, never to return.

COLIN KILLICK

* * * * *

ATAVISTIC ASPIRATIONS

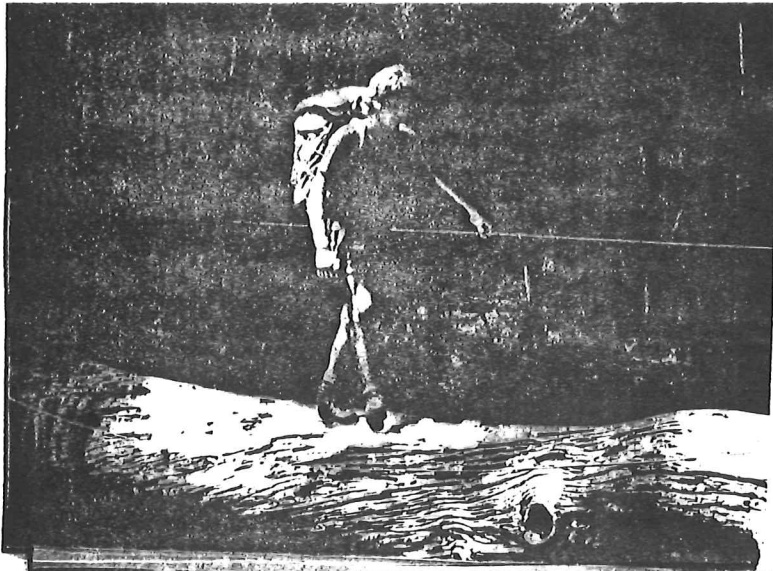
Swoosh! downslope over hillock timber bends,
Lands abruptly over edge inclined to ice;
forgoing not the subtlety of the body it sends,
thus the victim bounces once, twice, thrice.

It took some time to resurrect the crumpled shape,
headless at first it seemed, legs groping in air.
Despondently, gasping, a head rises with open gape,
resounding that its never had such a terrifying scare

By fire at night with snow mystically reflecting
eerie shapes of gum, and frozen people,
sipping tea, tales new and old recollecting;
tranquility exists perched precariously on steeple.

For such life remains seemingly only momentarily,
as tranquility succumbs to anthropomorphic mazes.
A fall back to a synthetic reality?
A contrivance disguised seducing us into cages.

JOHN BENSON



TASSIE ↗



← KONG



Bit of a drip! ↗



16. ↗ Brown's brown eye
 ↗ Weaseling free
 up Jackie's
 Mt Kiera

SKI - TOURING

Shivering in the cold of a July morning and not feeling particularly refreshed after two hours sleep in a luggage rack on the Cooma Mail, I walked into Sawpit Creek Camping Area in the Kosciusko National Park. Sawpit Creek is the base for the Beginners' Ski-Touring Trip run each year by M.M.S. to give would-be enthusiasts a taste of the snow country (literally). For me, however, this was the beginning of a craving for freezing weather and draughty, smoke-filled huts that only the true addict can understand.

Taking our hired skis, we set off for the snow and spent a few days doing day ski trips around the Perisher Valley area, getting ripped off at pubs down the snow, freezing around the campfire at Sawpit and generally having a terrific time. It is a good thing that snow is fairly soft because many spectacular falls were had, the most notable being Ian Charles' full clockwise cartwheel in which he broke two of Paddy's skis although Rod, our Club Professional was seen to do quite a good half forward somersault, all planned, of course. Nevertheless no fatal injuries were sustained and as the days went by we were able to view the scenery more and more from a vertical position rather than the customary horizontal one of the first few days.

After our skill improved we extended our activities to an overnight trip to White's River Hut, about 8 miles from Guthega (nearly uphill). The exhilaration at being out in the hills with only the rhythmic swish of your skis and the rustle

of wind in the snowgums rather than the noise of a gaggle of tourists in your ears more than made up for the discomfort of staying out in the snow. We enjoyed ourselves exploring the snow covered landscape but unfortunately our time ran out and we had to return to Sydney for more mundane things.

The August break, however, saw us once again skiing up the road to "White's", this time with an extended trip in mind. Full of enthusiasm, we camped the first night in a snow tent outside Shlink Hut. Snow camping, however, is not quite the luxury we had imagined. The joy of putting on boots and socks which had frozen solid during the night is hard to describe but it was no accident that we slept in huts for the remainder of the trip. Call us cowards if you wish but we were very warm cowards.

Taking advantage of the beautiful weather we continued on to "our" Cesjacks and then climbed Mt. Jagungal, the view from which is superb. After a good long run down its slopes we reached Mawson's Hut in time to be caught by bad weather.

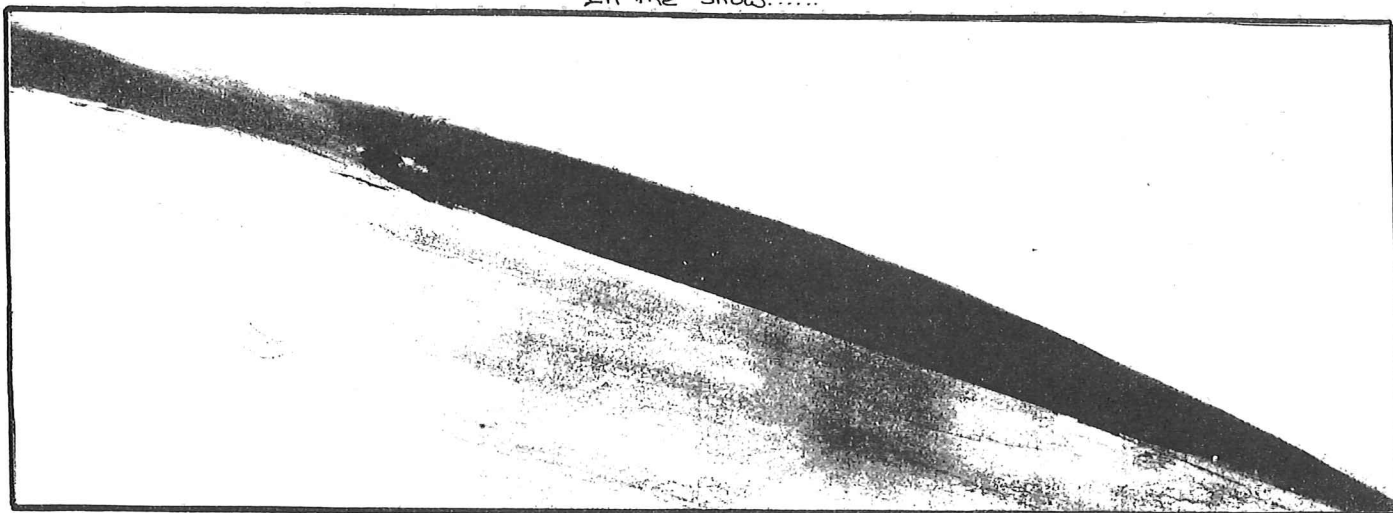
A boring day was spent sitting in the hut and although conditions did not improve we decided to leave the next morning. Skiing through a snowstorm or "white-out" could be compared to walking with a white paper bag over your head but we somehow made our way down to a road and eventually back to Guthega.

Thinking back over a really enjoyable trip you tend to forget the frozen boots, the rotten food and the bad weather and remember only the terrific views of snow covered landscape and the exhilaration of touring around the area. The experience is an enthralling one which brings the initiates back year after year to experience the same discomforts, enjoy the same pleasures.

To those of you who have not yet seen the light, I would offer the following advice (for what it's worth):-

1. GO - you'll have a great time.
2. Learn to ski from some experienced person.
(i.e. through M.M.S.)
3. Don't let Ian Charles cook breakfast - cups of tea are not quite 100% with bits of porridge floating in them.
4. Watch out for that bloody Judge Creature - He's really weird.

In the snow.....



THE CHANGING ETHIC

Wouldn't it have been inspiring a century ago to infiltrate and explore completely new territory and new horizons which had not yet been smeared by the destructive influence of anthropologic curiosity.

Many of us no doubt dream of that adventure enticing us on to "conquer" new pinnacles that nature reveals to us at her frontier. A frontier? It was once large, you know, but today we experience a world being engulfed by the expansionism of man leaving only remnants of virgin countryside, many areas of which are presently being consumed by "development interests".

Recently people have become concerned about and to appreciate the little true wilderness remaining. Consequently, a changing ethic from conquer and exploitation to preservation by perception and understanding of nature has begun to evolve.

Climbing has witnessed a progression towards chockcraft attracting climber and rock to a more intimate creative relationship rather than "conquering" the face with a varrage of pitons and bolts. Thus, we can now climb on relatively preserved routes with minimum trace of previous climbers, giving us that extra pleasure in the climb.

Similarly SOME bushwalkers have acknowledged the need for a change in ethic. No longer to these people are cut tracks desirable as this itself destroys the very wilderness isolationist feeling that initially attracts them. Further more track

markers and cairns enter into conflict. These no doubt serve some purpose on existing well used walks but why should relatively untrodden lands be forceably subjected to the indignant inundation of obtrusive piles of stone on every sizable peak, so as to indicate to all that pass that "this place has been visited before".

In response to such atrocities a clan of "cairn destroyers" (rumored to be aligned with the Judge and "Marty") have arisen in areas which really warrant the preservation of as isolationary feeling of communication with nature at its most pure. Thus I'm pleased to state that many of Tasmania's finest mountain ranges have been "cleansed" of the indignity of these horrid little structures.

Aligned with bushwalking, ski touring is evolving a changing ethic; that of a tent and choofer rather than complete reliance on the hut and firewood. Again this requires extra effort and skill to achieve but the rewards are often worth any sacrifice of hut comfort (if that truly exists). It's pleasant to wake and peer out into a scent of serenity cloaked in white, free of mazes of tracks and masses of disturbed and often polluted snow.

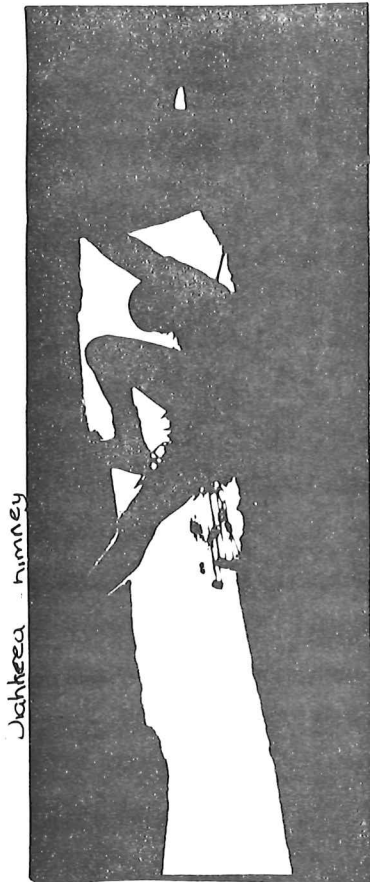
Then we have caving, an area in which perhaps lacks an insight and initiative to overcome the desires to conquer and arrange in orderliness. Cavers seem to hold an uncontrollable fetish to map, tag, surface map etc. each and every new cave or caving area found. What challenge or joy of the unexpected is left with the availability of published data on cave systems. The extremity of this fetish is illustrated by the continual mapping, etc. that has infiltrated near wilderness areas of caving such as the recent expedition to New Guinea.

So long as access is restricted to only those willing to take up a challenge and overcome any ensuing hardships that nature may thrust before us, Then will we retain areas relatively free of the marks of man, so as to provide a more natural in some places wilderness experience for future generations to enjoy. However, this can only be properly achieved by people complying to this "changing ethic", often one which requires self sacrifice modesty, understanding and appreciation of the different facets that nature offers the mountaineer.

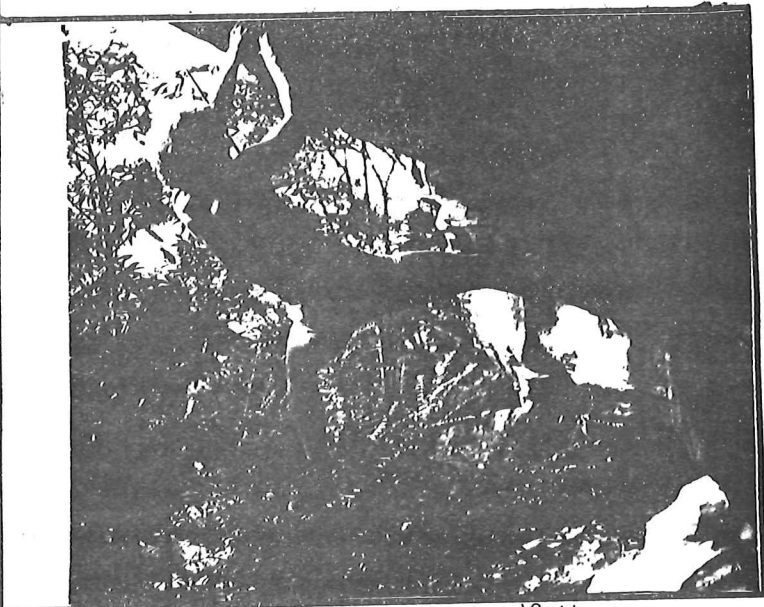
Not all will fully agree with the above views, but at least think, and then appreciate the reasons why they are put forward. We have already unravelled, mapped, "dissected" and "gutted" enough of natures mysteries without having to pursue further selfish encroachment using "frontier" ethics to white-wash the rare purities still existing.

JOHN BENSON

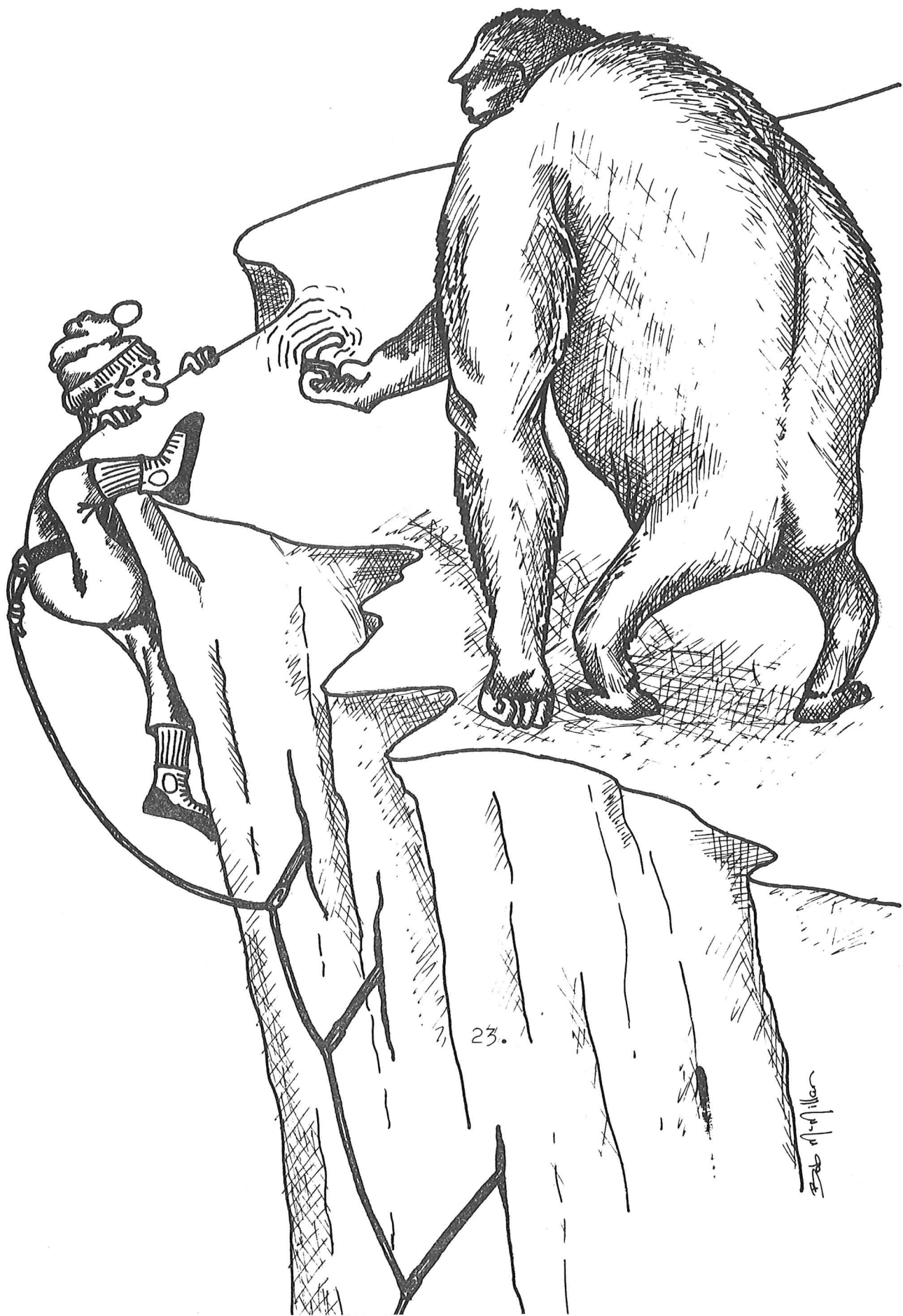
* * * * *




Jahkeea - mmeey



Ballet à lè fontê Lindfield.







The strain of the lead was reflected upon the sweating, wrinkled brow of Gonad as he hung dizzily entwined in his etriers beneath the lip of the awesome roof. The 700 feet of exposure beckoned beneath his feet; reaching up to him in an attempt to drag him down to the cushion of trees far below. His silent stare was focused above the lip; the crack may hold a sound placement. A sneeze at this moment would result in a disastrous icarus-type ending.

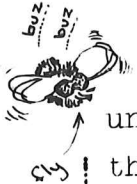
Finally, after 90 feet through the roof on tied-off rurps Gonad had found a bombproof runner placement; a stack of five large hexcentrics. Emotion finally filtered across the stonework of his face, the seriousness of the pitch was now relieved and the clawing exposure could be smiled at and enjoyed. I belayed around my false tooth as I pissed on the group of Boy Scouts screaming and tearing through the undergrowth far below. Gurgling and scraping signalled the disappearance of Gonad's feet above the overhang as he jambed up the continuation of the crack splitting the headwall above

Decades later a voice echoed through the void "Safe", jarring me away from all my pleasures with five naked slave girls. "On belay, climb when ready" was heard as the rope painfully jerked at my Whillan's Harness - - I replied in a much higher voice.

Delicately I began to float across beneath the roof; systematically removing each tied-off rurp by a gentle sideways tap with my index finger. Ethics were paramount in

Gonad's mind as he had crossed the roof -- a hammer was not allowed in this day and age of climbing genius -- instead, each rurp had been placed by a single and gentle tap with the number 11 hexcentric.

Casually, I floated beneath the 9th rursp contemplating the difficulties of the lead (thank heavens it was his lead on this pitch). Terror was heralded by the buzzing whine as a fly drunkenly hovered toward me.



My eyes glared disapproval at this little beast, but any unnecessary movement would pop the tied-off rurp clinging to the roof above. He was a big, fat, unhealthy, blob of a fly; his myriad of eyes laughed at me as he flickered through my piton stare. A puff kept him away from my squirming chin, but I had to be careful . . . each little movement was replied by a squeek of protest from the rurp above. An ocean of sweat broke in waves across my wrinkled forehead as the beast teasingly zeroed in on my face only to turn away at the last moment and to mockingly hover within my glare. (My thoughts at this time are definitely censored.) Frozen motionless, 700 feet above the deck, trying to be a spaceman (weightless) -- it all depended on the mercy of the dragon testing my coronoid stamina.

Horror in my eyes focused directly upon the fly as it settled on my nose - immediately a metallic groan and crack heralded the rump above pulling out

U N Z ii iiiiiiiiii
ii iii ii ii i
ii i
i
i
i
ppppppp

26.

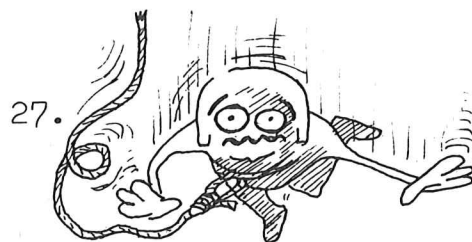


"Aarrgggggghhhhh!" I screamed as the void below grabbed my waist and dragged me towards the treetops below (which now didn't look so soft). The line of rurps and ½" tape leapt almost voluntarily from the narrow bed in which they slept. Dazed; spinning and screaming I pendulumed 70 feet out from the overhang. The five naked slave girls danced from my left eye, over to my right eye and back again

A muffled voice down from above; it seemed to take a more concrete form as the swinging decreased and I hung motionless, about 100 feet below the lip of the overhang. The voice was not understandable; "Havin' fun down there?" Gonad queried. 'He nonchalantly sighed something about me being too lazy to clean the pitch, so I must have unzipped it on purpose.

Now I cursed at the white-dressed, capped saints who had decreed that hammers were forbidden -- if I had one then, I would have presented it to Gonad -- by bashing his bloody head in with it. Alos the reason for the muffled voice was now apparent, as he chewed silently on a Sao biscuit, reclining suspended in a hanging belay beneath a fern-like sapling to which our lives were connected by the dirty pink one-inch tape. The rest of the belay consisted of a half hitch in the rope twisted around the big toe protruding from a tear in the top of his battered super-grattens.

"Is that all the belay is?" I whispered at him. A lazer stare followed the taught rope up to the grinning teeth beneath the fairy floss belay. The prussik loops melted the rope as I streaked up; within seconds I was safe at the belay, my hands tightly clenched around Gonad's gasping throat. (I'll fix you, you basket.)



An air of calm returned after he repeatedly beat me with a number 11 hexcentric. We both hung exhausted beneath the bending sappling, our puffing combined in a raucous imitation of a dying steam engine. Above us the black wall stood silent moodless. The crack curved upward through a nasty bulge until finally it faded and died ten feet short of the top of the wall. "Your lead" crept within my right ear, catching me by surprise -- my mind searched for an excuse but retreat was impossible. I looked up, my eyes following the crack as it weaved upward toward the bulge, where it narrowed. My Adam's apple pushed itself up beneath my nose as I considered the only way out.

Complete concentration elimination fear as I systematically jambed up towards the beckoning bulge. Mehtodical placement of runners and perfect jams pushed me higher until finally I arched; bridged beneath the bulge, curved backwards as my fingers strained beneath a small undercut flake. It was thin; only a few undulations on the wall and the crack was just wide enough to allow my fingernail to reach two millimeters inside.


Adrenalin surged as I transferred all my weight onto the jambed fingernail; left foot as a token of hope was pressed flat on the wall and the right frictioned on a small bulge. Trembling fingers nervously waled up the wall to a wider pocket of the crack. I strained to retain balance, then moved up until I mantleshelfed on the jambed fingernail. With a last straining hinge my right hand slipped into the pocket, and a few quick jams allowed me to sag onto a small footledge just before the crack ran out, 15 feet below the top of the wall.

My eyes searched the wall above for the secret combination of fingerholds that would lead to the creast, so close, yet so far away. (Where have we heard that before?) "Stuff

it" I thought as I lunged up the crack and leapt onto the wall, scraping and clawing toward a delightful jug that frowned down just above my reaching fingertips. A sigh, a grunt and a groan; I heaved bodily over the jug to the horizontal platform above, where I lay prostrate; panting uncontrollably and shaking with adrenalinized delight -- "SAFE"!

Gonad hambed happily up the crack. He seemed to revel in the constant strain, with the tight rope above telegraphing confidence between the sturdy belay and himself. A moment's lack of movement inspired a look down; I met an agonized face as his eyes searched for clues on the puzzle of the bulge. The move I had done was impossible for him to repeat -- the night before he had cut his fingernails!

He growled upward, hoping to gain support from imaginary holds, but when these failed to support his mind, a desperate flapping of his arms was attempted -- without much success. Momentarily, he helicoptered just above the bulge until, with a dying squark, his weight was transferred entirely to the rope.

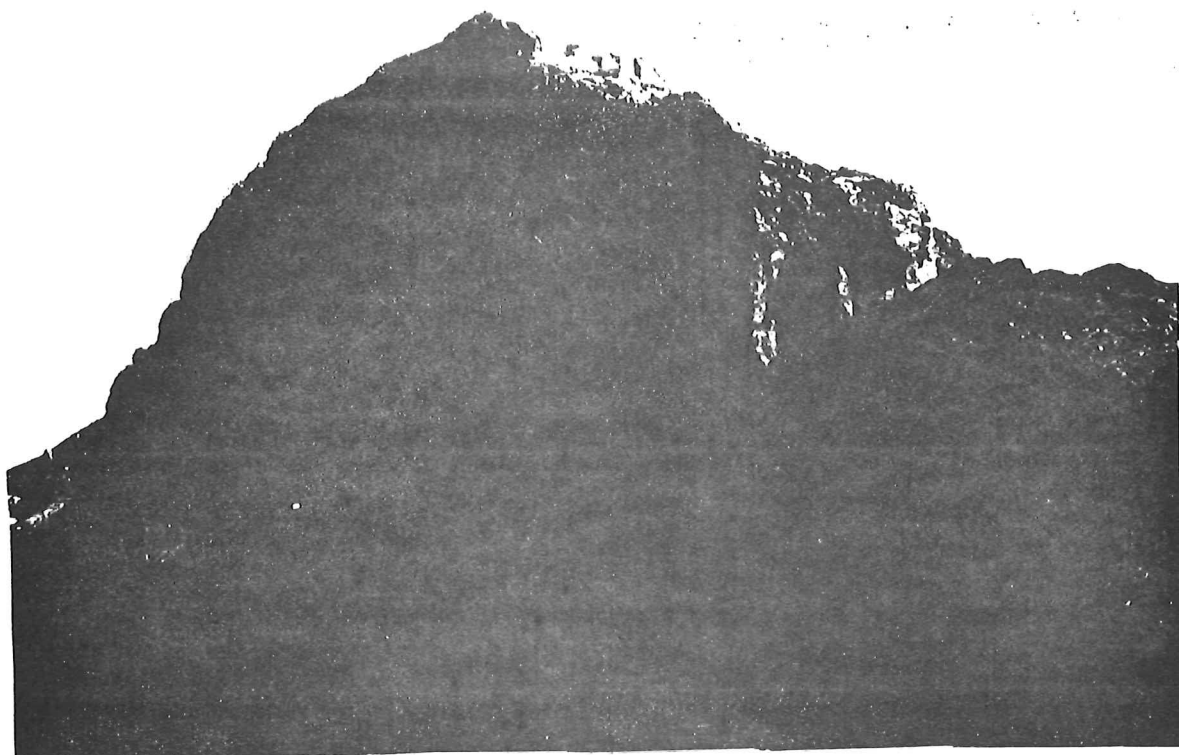


One prussik loop, lots of swearing, 37 beads of sweat and a gorilloid dance up the wall ended with a bedragled body lying in the pulsating heap about my feet. Resurrection was achieved by the removed of my ragged P.A.'s near his nostricular oriface.

"Wow man, what a mighty little line -- even Sydney Rockies with 100 Boy Scout Sherpas couldn't repeat this one" was the first thing exclaimed by Gonad. "By the way, what stinks?"

The emotion after completing such an experience cannot be conveyed via word. An ascent of such magnitude and daring has such a profound effect on the climbing degenerates who are involved that family and friends no longer associate with those concerned. But this did not bother Gonad and myself as our mirth was reflected in our actions and we skipped hand in hand down the descent track to heaven -- the local tavern.

DEFINITELY NOT
written by
BOB McMILLAN



H U T R E P O R T

Those of you who read last years yearbook may remember we had three improvements in mind for Cesjacks Hut -

1. A Sleeping Platform
2. A Floor
3. Exterior Painting.

Over the Easter 1975, the sleeping platform was built and while I'm writing this report, 6 or 7 club members should have paint brush in hand giving the hut its first coat of paint in 40 odd years. It is being painted Park Brown over a good undercoat of Zinc Chromate.

Since we committed the club to maintaing Cesjacks in 1974, we have been undecided on whether or not we should build a floor in the hut. The hut is a shelter for skiers and bush-walkers, not a comfortable lodge. Whether it has a floow or not, it will still function as a shelter. However, we have decided to build a floor because it will make it easier to keep the hut clean as the dirt floor which presently exists was extremely dusty during summer and muddy during winter. We hope that when the floor is installed people will treat the hut with respect all huts deserve. Because the hut was naturally "grotty" with its dusty floor, people tended to let it become more and more "grotty".

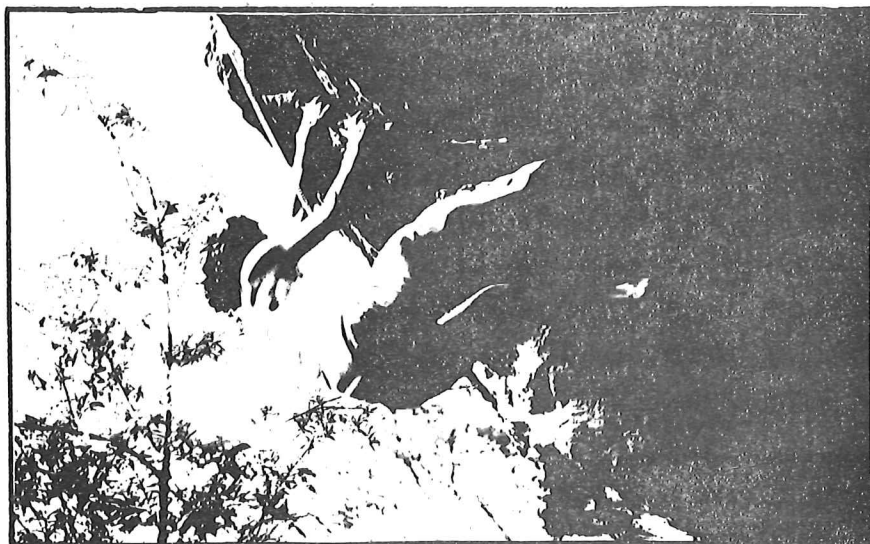
During October, 1976, the Kosciusko National Park gave us permission to install a Timber floor in Cesjacks. However,

no other "improvements" were authorised. If we get about 8 keen members over Easter, we may be able to get the floor in before winter. After this, the improvements we aimed at in 1974 will be complete. From then on it will be a matter of maintaining what already exists.

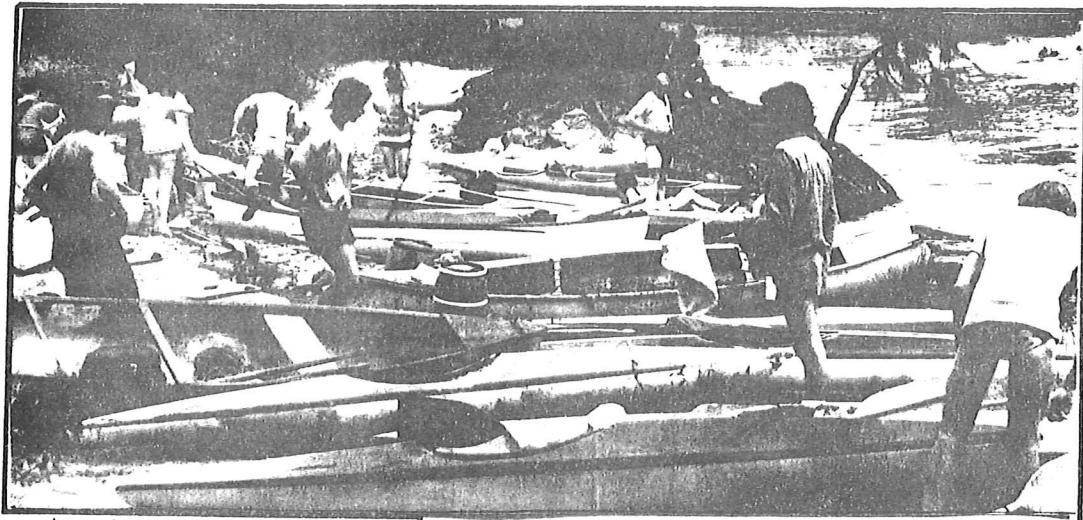
We must remember that Cesjacks is not our hut, we merely maintain it for the National Parks and Wildlife Service, through the Kosciusko Huts Association. All work that the Club does on the hut must be approved by the N.P.W.S through K.H.A. In addition, although the club has corporate membership with K.H.A. this does not eliminate the need for individual bushwalkers and skiers who use the huts to become members of K.H.A. at \$2.00 per annum.

Thanks to those club members who have given their time, transport and efforts to Cesjacks.

DAVE DARLINGTON
IAN CRANWELL
(Huts Committee)



32. Ian gorilla/Hindfield.

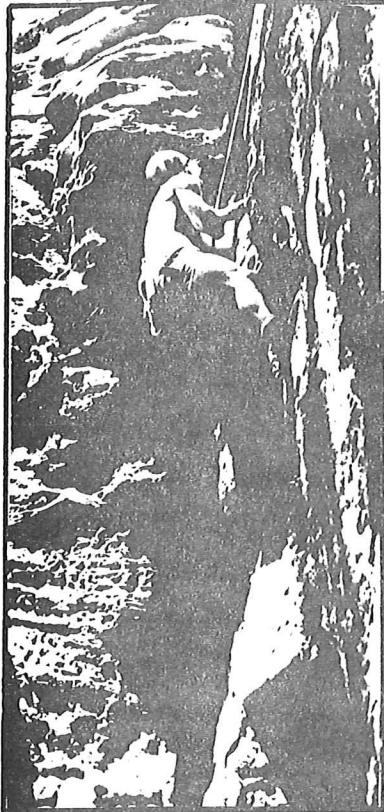


Abna buy a canoe?

Xetis ? →



Zatidee/M. Kiera



Lindfield

* * * THINK IT'LL RAIN? * * *

How many times on trips have you looked at the sky and asked this question? Often the weather will have little effect on the day's activities but in the other cases it may make you spend the day in a tent.

It is often impossible to forecast accurately as many variables such as landforms and geographical position may interfere with accurate observations, however, two elements wind and clouds, are indicators of what is to come.

WIND

Because wind characteristics are determined by wind source region, the direction of a wind will determine whether the weather will be hot/cold, wet/dry. East and North-east winds in South-eastern Australia indicate pleasant weather. North-west indicate heat while westerlies indicate bad weather in Tassie and in the Snowy Mountains. Hence a change in weather is often preceded by a change in wind direction.

However, a freshening or a strengthening north-east or north-west wind, especially in the afternoon, could herald approaching cold from which is itself marked by strong south-west winds and a definite drop in temperature. Following this, if the wind changes quickly towards due south or south-east and the cloud base lowers and thickens at the same time, rain will follow and usually last for up to 24 hours. In winter, at high altitudes such conditions usually mean continuous snow or blizzard.

Good visibility is due to dry cold air and hence indicate that the cold front has passed.

CLOUDS

When high cloud gradually lower and darken, often over a period of a few days, a cold change is approaching. The speed of the change is often proportional to its severity. In summer the rapid approach of tall clouds of cumulus (heaped) type often heralds a violent, stormy change, i.e. a "southerly buster". If the storm clouds have a greenish tinge, hail is on the way.

As you all know, clouds make a difference to temperatures - particularly at night. That is, if there are no clouds the temperature falls and if there is moisture in the air and little wind, condensation will occur forming dew. If the temperature is freezing the dew will freeze forming frost.

If the moisture in the air cooled to dew point and is suspended by a very slight breeze near the ground, fog will result. It usually vaporizes when the sun rises but if it has not cleared by mid morning it is not fog, but low cloud, and it will require a wind to shift it.

In addition to these observations there are always the old folklores, some of which are factual, some which should be ignored.

These are factual:-

- (a) "Trace in the sky the painters brush
The winds around you soon will rush".

Describes the clouds, i.e. wispy cirrus before a mid-latitude

cyclonic storm.

- (b) "Rain long foretold, long last:
Short notice, soon past".

The first phrase describes a frontal situation and the second a convective shower.

- (c) "When dew is on the grass,
Rain will never come to pass".

If there is no dew then there is sufficient moisture in the air to prevent radiative cooling, whereas dry air leads to cloudlessness, severe cooling and hence dew.

- (d) "Red sky in the morning - shepherd's warning,
Red sky at night - shepherd's delight".

The first line refers to the reflection of a rising sun on cirrus clouds moving in from the west, i.e. stormy weather whereas second line refers to dust particles being reflected in the sun's rays indicating more dust in the air than moisture and as weather comes from west - clear weather next day.

Acknowledgements:

PROF. LINAERS "CLIMATOLOGY"
NOTES AND "SLOTH" (July, 1972)

P.S. If you have read this far you are now certified as
being completely insane.

Editor

